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FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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PERHAPS nothing is of greater interest in these pages than the bright picture given of our new Home for orphans and waifs in Calcutta. When we reflect that the hope of India rests with the generation growing up under missionary influence; and when we already see the fruits of the judicious Christian training given by our representatives to our adopted children, we can take heart for our great work of faith, and believe the day of results is not far distant.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Letters from MISS BRITTAN.

A STRANGE IDOL.

ON the hills of Southern India are tribes, supposed by many persons to be the original inhabitants of this part of the country. One of the tribes is a very small one, called Todars, to whom the others pay a small tribute for their land. They are a singular people, who are rapidly diminishing, and live on the summit of the mountains, appearing to be very much afraid of strangers.

A gentleman, who has a large tea-plantation there, invited me

while I was in that vicinity to visit it, and witness the interesting process of preparing tea. Several families of the Todar tribe were living near this plantation, and as they had been treated kindly, they did not seem to be afraid of us. They are fine-looking, somewhat Jewish in their cast of countenance, with high aquiline noses, and fine black eyes, and men and women dress alike. They have no temples, nor any idols peculiar to themselves, but sometimes they worship some of the gods of the Hindoos. On the hills are to be found very large circles of stone, which have been thought by some people to be temples, but they seemed to me to be nothing more than buffalo pens. Large herds of buffalo seem to be the sole living of the people, for in exchange for milk and butter, they receive blankets and cloth. The only idol all the tribe worship is a large bell, which is kept in the centre of every village, which is used to call the herd together. The bell is sacred, and when disputes arise, the priest pretends to become possessed by the "bell-god." He then rushes frantically about, beating himself violently with a stick, vociferating loudly, until the by-standers are terrified. The tribe never meets for worship, but believes in witchcraft, and thus exerts some power over others.

Letters from MISS KIMBALL.

THE GODDESS OF LEARNING.

We have passed lately through the Shoroshutty Poojah, which was interesting to me as a fresh experience. Shoroshutty is the Minerva of the Hindoo Pantheon, and such accessories of learning, as books, slates, and pencils are sacred to her, so that during the visit of the goddess to the household, the members are unwilling to use them in the ordinary way, and teaching cannot go on.

I went with some visitors one afternoon to the Poojah in a favorite house of mine near by, for the double purpose of showing them three interesting pupils, and if possible witnessing the ceremonies of the festival. As we entered the passage leading past the tiny kitchen, where zenana ladies cook, the mother, a most bigoted Hindoo, came out to meet us with smiles and words of welcome, but quietly kept her hands under her saree, and retreated as we

advanced with ours outstretched. She was preparing food for the goddess, she said gravely, and could not be touched, but asked if we would like to see the "takoor?" She led the way along the passage, to another small, dark room, where on a low pedestal our eyes beheld an ugly image, not more than twelve inches high, almost hidden in yellow marigolds. At her side were her symbols, and before her a small quantity of rice, which might have been her tiffin, as she had already been fully feasted twice that day, and the evening meal was in preparation. One visitor said: "So your takoors eat? I did not know that they *could*." The reply was lost in the appearance of my Bos, with the little girls of the house, all beautifully arranged and splendid with jewels, but whose lovely eyes outshone the brightest of these.

The theory that the goddess eats is this: the offering of food being placed before the idol, it consumes the essence, and it is only the apparent remnant that is given to the priests. Fifteen Brahmins had been twice fed in this house that day, and as the poor mother had given meritorious service, besides preparing food for the divinity, she was indeed most holy. Her face had an unusually devout expression, which made my heart ache; but it was no time to speak to her of the Saviour she often refused to hear about, and I could only pray silently that her understanding and heart might yet be open to His love. She is ill with an incurable bodily disease, yet practices upon herself all the severe austerities of the widow's condition, even refusing to wear a warm jacket under the thin saree in which I have often seen her shaking as if with ague.

This is the bigotry even in a family from which one daughter has gone out into the world, and is now in London, educating her children. I mention this as an example of the strength of these cruel prejudices even among the most enlightened families. I said to my Bos, "Have you done poojah to-day?" and the evasive answer was: "Our mother-in-law did it." "Surely after all you have been taught about the true God, you cannot believe this clay thing can see and hear and make you wise?" I added. No reply, but as a servant stood by, almost as a spy, I knew they were afraid to express disbelief if they felt it.

Not long ago one of them said to me, "I believe in Jesus Christ

a *little*, and I want to learn more about Him, that I may believe as you do." I cannot but think from many evidences that the confidence of all Hindoos is shaken in their religion, if not destroyed.

When we passed out the of zenana, we noticed that the door of the shrine was shut, the goddess probably taking a siesta, while the poor old mother still busied herself with her cooking and her prayers. There is a saying that the muntras control the gods, and the Brahmins the muntras; so the priest can both compel the presence of the god in the image he wishes to consecrate, and dismiss it at his pleasure. This done, no further interest attaches to the idol, and it is carried with more or less ceremony, and thrown into the river.

The following evening as we were going to the "Burning Ghat," we crossed crowds of people taking their goddesses to their watery finale, and we followed one procession to the riverside. It was an indifferent one as far as numbers and accessories were concerned, but the image I fancied unusually good-looking. On her head was a silver tinsel crown, about her neck and arms were silver tinsel ornaments, and she was carried in an alcove, in shape like a wooden sounding-board covered with gilt paper. Blue lights brought out these shining things finely, and with a band of music consisting of two instruments, a tomtom and bagpipe, the dozen or fifteen worshipers moved on. I ran hastily among them, and with cries of "The Ma'am Sahib wishes to see," the crowd, which increased as we neared the Ghat, divided and made place for my feet in the sacred mud of the Ganges. What a disgraceful scene ensued! Poor Shoroshutty was seized by ruthless hands, stripped first of her adornments, and then her clothes, and with most derisive epithets hurled into the muddy water. Hardly had she touched it, when a half-dozen boys rushed in, caught her by her long queue, dragged her to shore, and then ensued a lively skirmish for possession.

She was offered to me for about seven cents, but that moment discovering a little shed higher up where many of these drowned things lay stretched out in rows, I went to inspect. The delay proved dangerous, for meanwhile the boys had broken the neck of my prospective purchase, which had been the best of the number,

and the darkness deepening too rapidly for me to await the arrival of another, I rejoined my party empty-handed.

This was all the ceremony ; no reverence, no enthusiasm, not even decent treatment of the object, sacred yesterday. It was suggestive of the fate of popular idols in all countries, and I tried to see it as significant of general growing indifference to Hindooism.

Then a passage from a sermon recently heard in the old Mission church came to me : "India is now like a glacier, hard, frozen, impenetrable, stretching down to the smiling plains below. A block of ice is occasionally melted by God's love shining so wonderfully upon it. If you can but permeate the zenanas with the grace that is in Christ Jesus, the glacier shall flow down in a river which shall refresh and gladden the whole land, and cause the wilderness to blossom as a rose."

Letters from MISS MARSTON.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

One of the zenanas in which I visit Mondays, is on a broad street, unlike in this respect any other place where I have taught. The windows and doors of the women's apartments are more closely barred, however, than those in the lanes.

In this house I teach an extremely pretty woman about sixteen years old, who reads very well ; but beyond this, her only desire seems to be to please her husband, to deck herself in jewels, and to have a goodly portion of food, and the Bengali sweetmeats, which I have not had the courage to taste, having seen them in a state of preparation. One morning soon after we were seated at our lessons, she was called, and came back in a state of great excitement, saying that she must leave me. Before my visit was over, she returned bringing a sister-in-law, both being adorned with red and blue paint in fantastic figures across their foreheads. To my look of surprise and inquiry she replied, "It is the anniversary of my wedding day, and I have been decorated in honor of the event." The woman seems childlike and trusting, and these very characteristics, I hope, may be the means of touching her heart with the

story of the Saviour's love. To His infinite love we must leave these interesting but deluded women, praying that His spirit may open their hearts.

In another house the Bo told me, that as her mother-in-law and sister had gone away, she was so lonely, that her husband had remained at home to comfort her. This is a most unusual expression of affection from a Bengali husband, and many a sad face there will be when other women hear of it and expect a similar attention in vain. The Bo appears old, but Bengali women grow very wrinkled, as they are often grandmothers at thirty-five. She is loaded with jewels, having a hoop in her nose, several in each ear, and numerous bangles on her arms. She often looks at me pityingly and asks, "Have you no jewels?"

Letters from MISS STAIG.

A FAMILY VISIT.

We have had a pleasant visit from a Hindoo gentleman and his family. The Babu had attended our fancy sale, and told us that he was much struck by the kind and courteous way the ladies talked to him, so that he now brought his wife, his aunt, a sister, a number of children, and two servants, to take a few lessons in politeness. We were out when the party arrived, so the old gentleman shut the women and children in their gharry, while he and other lords of creation accompanying them sat in our drawing-room awaiting our return. The Babu desires that his wife should be taught English, but as she is afraid of our white faces, he wishes her first to become accustomed to us.

DESIRE FOR READING.

I teach in the family of a Bengali physician, and my pupil is bright and intelligent, always bringing in her mother and younger brother to listen to my Bible lesson. Some weeks ago I found the women in great distress, as the brother had run away, and they knew not where to find him. Their grief made my heart ache, but I told them, that although I could do nothing, we could together ask the good Father above to send back the son. A day or two afterwards I learned that the doctor had accidentally found the boy

at a small station, sixty miles from Calcutta, and that the poor women had been doing poojah to their gods that morning in gratitude for his safe return. I told them how sorry I was that they were so unthankful to the God of Heaven, who had heard our prayer, and instead, had given praise to their clay images. They looked greatly ashamed, and tried to excuse themselves.

The next time I went there, the Babu asked me to give them all the religious instruction that I could, saying, "I wish them to forget all their foolish superstitions." This was a most unusual request for a Babu, for they generally desire us to be very particular only to teach their wives and daughters fancy work. My pupils the same day asked me to get a book for them containing all the good stories I had told them, adding, "If you were sick and could not come to us, who would tell us of these things? but if we have the books we can read them for ourselves." This simple request made me so glad, I quite forgot my weariness, and went my way rejoicing.

In another house, which I have only recently visited, I told the women of the good "Book of Books" the Lord had given us, containing words for fathers, or mothers, or weary sinners, and even for the widow. They were greatly surprised that our Bible contained anything for women, and said, "Bring the book the next time you come, and read it to us."

As I returned from my schools in Rajpore one day, some boys ran after me asking for Christian books. Unfortunately I had none suitable for them, but they kept saying, "If you will get us some books we will give you some roses," for they had seen me gathering wild flowers. I was amused at their bribing me, when they little knew how glad I would be to give them everything to help them on in the way of life.

INDIA—Allahabad.*Letters from MISS WARD.*

THE WORK OF MEN'S HANDS.

From different parts of the country comes the good news of fresh interest in the cause of Christ and of revival services being held mostly among the English-speaking population. India just now is the scene of much suffering from famine, storm, and sickness. In the districts of Bombay and Madras there has been a failure of rice crops, and although Government is doing much to prevent suffering there must necessarily be a great deal of it.

While in one of my zenanas, a short time since, I saw an intelligent man, who holds a good position in native society, sitting before a strange-looking frame-work of wood on which he was tying straw as though he was expecting to make a scarecrow. I asked him what he was making, and he replied, "An idol." "Do you expect to make that look like one of your gods?" I asked. He went on to explain how it would be covered with mud and formed into a horse with a man sitting on his back. "Truly the idols are the work of men's hands." Week by week I have watched this figure coming toward completion, and it is sad to think of the moral degradation connected with it. I asked my pupils one day if they would really worship that. They hung their heads with shame and said, "Yes." The Babu formerly objected very strongly to my teaching in the house, but at last yielded to the entreaties of his little wife, a child of about thirteen years of age. I have talked to him seriously about the errors of his religion, and he knows of the right way, but does not care to walk in it. Both his wife and sister are much interested; and my prayer is, that they may learn to love the Bible before I am denied access to them.

VARIED PUPILS.

In one house that I visit, while the daughter is reading, her mother-in-law usually performs her poojah. I have watched her many times go through the senseless form. She rubs ashes on her forehead, frequently tinkles her little bell, stirs some water in a cup beside her, sprinkles it over her idol, prostrates herself before it, and

all of the time mutters over the name of her god. She thinks herself very religious, as she has done this according to the laws of the Shasters ever since she was a little child. Now she scarcely knows more than the idol itself. A Babu said to me one day, "You spend perhaps an hour a week teaching these women your religion, and we spend all the rest of the week in teaching them ours, so you see your work is useless." I knew the Holy Spirit was with them all the time, and He could take our few feeble words and make them instrumental to the saving of souls. Without this knowledge I fear that many discouragements would often drive us from the path of duty. Then again there are so many who are very much interested that it makes the work a pleasure instead of a duty.

In one house that I visit weekly, a mother and daughter-in-law read with me. This house is like an oasis in a desert. A little spot of ground in front is well cultivated, the paths are neatly swept, and the room in which they read is of almost faultless cleanliness. In a corner on a low table are the dishes of the family, all of brass, but shining like mirrors. A neat mat is laid in the middle of the floor on which the four women dressed in clean white sarees are sitting with their books lying before them. Both of the daughters have fine minds. They understand well what they read, and are much interested in it, so that the hour we spend in talking, asking and answering questions, is a very pleasant one. Holding on to the promise that the "entrance of the word giveth Light," I hope their darkened minds may soon be full of Jesus, "the light of the world."

The Bengalis as a race are the most enlightened of India's population. Many of the enterprising Bengali men have sought out the more lucrative positions in different parts of India, and it is estimated that two or three thousand of them are in this city. Out of the one hundred and seventy houses we visit, thirty belong to the Mohammedan class. We meet with much opposition from the Hindostanees and Mohammedans, and therefore cannot extend our work as we would like in this direction. Yet we feel that as the Bengalis are considered as foreigners, they cannot exert so great an influence on the masses as the natives of the provinces, and therefore we deem a mission among them of vital importance.

I have written before about two pupils to whom I am much

attached, one thirty years of age, the other twelve. Three weeks ago the old mother went to bathe in the holy Ganges, and as the men of the family had gone to their business, these two young women were left alone. When they commenced their cooking, the older one was leaning over the coals, when her light saree caught fire. Neither had the presence of mind to remove this, so the few precious moments were lost. The flames rushed to her long hair, which was hanging loose and had just been oiled. The women of the neighborhood rushed to the spot, but it was too late. The poor creature lingered nine days. I wish I could feel sure of her safety. She would listen as I talked to her of Jesus, and we know Jesus loved her, and there we must leave her.

The last month has been a season particularly devoted to idol worship of different kinds, but none interfered with our work, excepting the last, the "Tholie Poojah," which has been celebrated with such fearfully obscene services, that even the "Indian Mirror" protested against them. I saw in the daily paper lately that the natives of Bombay had held a meeting to consult on the subject of early marriage, which they considered was ruining the race. They took some action to prevent the marriage of boys under twenty years of age, but as yet have done nothing about girls. We hope the time is not far distant, when this subject will be thoroughly agitated, and that it may result in our being able to keep the native girls in good training schools until their characters are somewhat formed. I am certain that India is on the eve of great changes, but when will the morning come? Are Christians waiting on the Lord for this blessing?

Letter from MISS LATHROP.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

STRONG CONTRAST.

In one house where I have visited for a year and a half, I am often pained at the evidences of superstition and idolatry which I see. On the opposite side of the small court as I enter, almost invariably, an old widow sits before her idol. A brass dish holding water, a spoon to dip it, wreaths of the white wall-flower, and rice

and fruit, surround her. She looks the very picture of woe, sitting with her hair falling down over her shoulders, her garments soiled and very scant, even in this cold weather. Often she is so wrapt in her devotions as not to notice me. I have stood and watched to see what she did, and hear what she said, but have never succeeded in the latter. Sometimes she prostrates herself repeatedly before the idol, then rising, makes some marks in a blank book lying beside her. I asked her what she wrote in the book, but she replied, "You know I cannot write." Then I asked whether she was noting the number of the prayers and she did not deny it, so I fancy that is what she does. I feel that this widow, worn almost to a skeleton by her bathings, fasts, and vigils, has not very long to live, and it is sad to see her going to the grave trusting in these dumb idols.

An entire contrast to this house is another close by, where a young woman has been learning for a few months. The whole family are deeply interested in Christianity. The Babu was at home one day when I went to teach, and after I had finished with the women, he came to the room to ask some questions. He said he had for a long time been convinced of the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and had banished idols from his house, and now he was studying Christianity with a sincere desire to know if it is the truth, and if it is, to follow it. I have not had much opportunity of talking with him, but I have sent him some books and recommended him to the notice of a good Christian countryman, who, I think, will be better able to help him in his search than a foreigner. This Christian man has been through all the struggle of giving up everything for Christ, even his family. His wife remained four years a heathen in her father's house after he made a public profession, but that was long ago, and they have been for some years united in serving their new Master. The old mother, an infirm, palsied woman, weeps as she listens to the story of what Jesus has done for us. She said to me one day, "I think about it always; that He will never leave us nor forsake us." Another woman has said several times, "What goodness in God to bring us here where we have heard these peace-giving tidings! If we had stayed where we wished, but where the Babu could not find employment, we would never have known all this." This house is my resting-place—they

are always so interested, and in the midst of coldness and indifference, my spirit is refreshed by them.

I have mentioned an old woman who told me her husband died a Christian many years ago, and that she too was one, but that she felt no necessity for baptism and openly confessing Christ. I continued to teach her for some months, when she left the station. A few days ago I visited the house of a relative, who told me that she had heard from a friend that this widow was coming down to spend a month on the banks of the Ganges, for bathing and religious observances, but she added, "I know better, unless she has greatly changed, she believes in no such way of righteousness. However, if she comes, you will have an opportunity of seeing and talking with her." The Fair is over and the pilgrims mostly dispersed, and we have seen nothing of her, so it is very certain that she did not come. Lately among our pupils a little girl has just been married to an old man, and the chances are that she will soon be left to do penance through a long life. In this case the parents are said to have chosen the bridegroom on account of his wealth. If he leaves it to her it will do her little or no good, as, however high her caste, she will be condemned to live on coarse food and little of it, and to wear none but the plainest clothes, besides giving up all her jewels.

We have been called to teach new houses, and all the women show a desire for our visits by arranging in every way to do their work and leave a spare hour for us. One pupil who has given me much pleasure for the past few months has gone to spend the hot weather with her mother at a distant railway station. She took books with her to instruct her young sister and other friends, and I took good care that she had an abundance of religious papers, which she promised to read and teach their truths to the others. These Bengal families going from place to place carry much truth with them, and everywhere open the way for the Zenana missionary.

CHINA—Peking.*Letter from MISS COLBURN.*

The chief event in February has been the observance of the Chinese New Year, and the usual vacations, fasts, and feasts were given. As the nation is still in mourning for the late Empress, the demonstrations were not as general or extensive as customary at such seasons. Early this month, one of our pupils was so ill we were very apprehensive about her. It is with no common gratitude that we report her recovery, as well as the health of the whole school. A very softening influence has been wrought upon the pupil who was so low, and the school woman, and both desire to be baptized, and numbered among the followers of Christ. Should they prove the sincerity of their purposes, we should feel that sickness had indeed been a blessing.

Much time this month has been devoted to visitors, for the relatives of the scholars all came with greetings, and there have been more attendants at the Sabbath services.

Letter from MISS BURNETT.

We have had ten boarding pupils, the most of whom went to their homes to spend the Chinese New Year, and one did not return. We have the promise of another little girl to-morrow.

The famine in Shantung has caused great suffering in that province. Relief has been sent from here, and we are hoping to receive some of these destitute girls into our mission.

Teacher Li is still with us, and has served us faithfully the past year, not only as instructor but assisting in our daily religious services. Lai Sa was married last autumn to a theological student connected with the American Board at Tung Chōu. Dr. Blodgett's helper Jung continues to preach in our Compound every Sabbath. He is earnest, and fearless, and interests our people much. We are teaching two or three women daily to read the Scriptures. The more we learn of the Chinese language, the more pleasant its study becomes.

JAPAN—Yokohama.*Letter from MRS. PIERSON.*

VISITING FOREIGN HOMES.

I have just returned from an impromptu meeting of prayer in the house of a native Christian woman. You may remember the incident of her conversion. She had not walked for years, but at that time through new power from on High, was strengthened to walk short distances. This she continues to do when her general health allows. She sat and chatted with me to-day, and was so full of rich experience, and of desire to serve the Master, that it inspired me anew. She said, "A young man from Tokio called at my house yesterday, and confided to me many of his sorrows. I told him of the love and tenderness of Jesus, and counseled him to go to the source of all consolation, the heart of Jesus. He replied, 'Ah! I am too poor to go to so great a king.' But, said I, 'He came to save the poor, and he blesses them.' I repeated the Lord's Prayer to him, and asked that he would use it every day. He said, 'Ah! that is just what I want.' So I wrote it for him." He left the house hastily, and forgot the precious document, but on his arrival at Tokio, he despatched a letter to the Christian woman, requesting her to send it without delay. This woman and I spoke to each other as if we were of one nationality, freely with glad hearts. Two other women, not Christians, listened attentively, and presently a neighboring woman came in as we sung "My faith looks up to Thee," in the native tongue, and prayed for ourselves, for each other, for God's work and God's people, and the blessing of this meeting still lingers in my heart.

There is no part of my work more pleasant than that of visiting, and I believe it to be profitable to the Japanese. It carries to their homes the light of a foreign civilization, they hear the name of Jesus and of his sacrifice, and it brings them into more direct sympathy with myself. One of my scholars has an uncle who was very sick. On my rounds I felt drawn toward the place although I had never seen the patient, carrying a dish of corn-starch and custard wherewith to tempt his appetite, for the Japanese generally live very poorly. The people I visited are not poor, for they occupy a large house, half of

which is devoted to the uncle's use. Upon entering his room, it seemed very dark, being a long apartment, with no glass windows in it like ours, while the day was rainy. At one end of this apartment was an image called the "God of Health," before whose stolid face candles were burning. A large number of people were gathered around the sick man, who sat upright on his pallet on the floor. He tasted the corn-starch very cautiously, with his eyes fixed on me as if it had been my intention to poison him. But he smacked his lips with a peculiar intonation, and said with much expression, "I like it." I talked with him a little while, ascertaining that he is intelligent, but the true wisdom is hidden from him. With an old heathen it is very difficult to converse upon religion, they are so obtuse and obdurate ; but I rejoice every day that enlightenment and conviction are the prerogatives of Omnipotence.

Letter from MISS GUTHRIE.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

CHILDREN FROM COREA.

Life in a family of children seems, in one sense, monotonous. When something startling or serious takes us out of the usual way, or when we feel the presence of the Spirit in our midst, when our hearts throb with a new gratitude for the answered prayer, then we feel that we have something to tell that will bring pleasure. Last Sabbath morning, one of my little flock, who is thirteen years of age, was received into the Japanese church. Her wish was to unite with our foreign church, as she was a member of the foreign Sunday-school and always attended our services, but it was not thought best. Next Sabbath two more will be received into our church. These girls came to us about eighteen months ago from Corea. They could not speak any English nor Japanese, nor could anyone here speak Russian to them. Their progress has truly been very rapid. They had been in a convent school taught by Greek nuns, and were, I suppose, good scholars in their own language. Their Russian copy-books are thought quite wonderful by the Japanese children. Letters to their mother are written in Russian, and to their father in English. Soon after their arrival I gave the elder

one a Russian Bible, which she read with such attention that I longed to be able to explain it to her. As her knowledge of English increased, she took the two Bibles to read together, asking help when she did not understand. Her heart opened to the "old, old story," and with such a trusting confidence that we could not doubt her fitness for baptism. She is fourteen years of age, and her sister twelve.

The little ones are improving; all are growing fast but one, who is, I fear, a dwarf, she is so tiny, a very elf in action, getting into all kinds of mischief. She speaks English as fluently as if it were her native tongue, but cannot study; she has been in school over two years and is not yet beyond words of three letters. Her mother is very anxious about her physical growth, we about her mental development.

A dear little girl came to us about a year ago from Corea. A German gentleman called on the two girls I have mentioned, having come from that place, bringing them presents from their parents. He told me that he had a little girl, five years old, at the hotel, that he did not know what to do with until the steamer sailed for America. He asked if I would let her come and stay with the other girls who could talk Russian to her, as that was the only language she understood. He had friends here and in Tokio, whom he wished to visit, but the care of the child prevented him. He was her guardian; her father had been his partner in business, dying when the child was an infant, and had intrusted her to his care, directing that she was to be taken to his brother, a Lutheran pastor and principal of a girls' school in Germany. Soon after the guardian's arrival here he was urged to join a party who were going to visit all the principal cities of the United States. Little Elise was the only obstacle, so he came to us, asking us to keep her, and send her to Marseilles when a suitable opportunity offered. We took her, and loved her for her intelligence and goodness. She speaks English as if she had never known another language, and is with the others of her own age in their studies. We are glad we took her, and her mother is so pleased that she has found a home so much nearer than Germany. The guardian intended returning in two years, and I know he will be pleased to see her improvement.

GREECE—Athens.*Letter from MISS LEYBURN.*

EASTER IN ATHENS.

April 16.—The Easter festivities have just ended, and I thought as this is the great feast of the Anatolic Church, it would not be uninteresting to you to hear some account of it.

During the whole of Lent there have been services in most, if not all the churches, both morning and evening. The large bell of the Russian Church tolled every morning, it is said, “for the death of Christ.” From the observations I have been able to make, I think there is very little fasting done by the richer and more educated people, until the last week of Lent, when, I believe, all fast more or less; but many of the poor, especially in the country, observe the whole forty days very strictly, not letting even the little children take anything with either oil or butter.

The regular Easter services did not begin until “Great Thursday,” as the Greeks call it. That evening the bells all rang, and they had service in each of the different churches, lasting during several hours. What is called the “Twelve Apostles,” that is, twelve selections of Scripture, relating to the Passion of our Lord, were read at that time. At the close, a picture of Christ hung on a cross was brought out by the priests into the middle of the churches. It has formerly been customary to bring out also an effigy of Judas, and burn it in public, but this has been abandoned.

During the day, Friday, this picture is taken from the cross, and laid in state on a bier richly ornamented with flowers. All day long the people flocked to the churches to kiss the hands and feet of the picture and a beautifully ornamented Bible lying on it, making at the same time the sign of the cross, and, I suppose, saying their prayers—though there was but little appearance of devotion, except the kissing and crossing. Every one did this, men, women, and children, even little babies in the arms having their heads pressed against it.

Inside the door of each church was a table where consecrated flowers were bought and sold, and candles for the night's illumination, reminding one of what our Saviour said when he overthrew

the tables of the money-changers in the Temple. Some of the candles were beautiful wax tapers, varying from three-fourths to two yards in length, and gaily ornamented with gilt and tissue papers, fantastically cut.

That evening in all the churches was the "Epitaphion" or burial of Christ. This consists of a funeral service over the representation of a dead body, after which the priests take up the bier upon which it is laid, preceded by the singers and six or eight men carrying on long poles lamps, banners, etc. ; the usual paraphernalia of a Greek funeral, except that in this, in front of all, is a man bearing a wooden cross. The bier is followed by an immense number of persons, each carrying a lighted candle in one hand, and many of them crying out, "Lord, have mercy." Each church or parish has its own procession, or "burial of Christ."

We desired to go to the Russian Church, the singing there being very fine and the service just the same as in the Greek churches, except that there is apparently more solemnity. That night the priests were elegantly dressed in black silk velvet gowns, bordered with silver tinsel, and the bishop wore a splendid mitre glittering with real diamonds. The choir boys wore long black gowns, and the altar boys white robes. The services there were quite long, consisting of singing, chanting, and reading portions of Scripture in Russian and ancient Greek.

About 10 P. M. the priests took up the bier, placing it upon the head of the bishop, and he, followed by the singers, priests, and others, walked down the aisle, out of the door and round the church once, then coming in again placed the bier just where it was before. After this, we concluded to go out, as we feared missing the other processions, so we walked down to the "Square of the Constitution," where we soon saw any number of them passing and repassing. The whole city being illuminated, the sight was certainly beautiful. Many of the processions were solemn and impressive, some being accompanied by singing the funeral dirge, others by a band of music, every person carrying a lighted candle, and some crying aloud, "Lord, have mercy." Many wore anything but a solemn aspect. In one procession which passed us, there was a whole troop of boys who were riding on each others' shoulders,

playing leap-frog, and jumping and capering in every imaginable way, crying out all the time, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!" This is continued for an hour or two, when the priests carry the bier back to the churches, and the people disperse.

During Saturday there is no service in the churches, but at night the service begins about eleven, and continues until after midnight.

That night we went to the Metropolitan, and were kindly conducted by a Greek friend to a railing just in the rear of where the King and Queen stood, so that we had a fine position to see all that was to be done in the church. From the time we entered until the arrival of the royal party, the Greek service was read or chanted, to which no one seemed to pay the slightest attention, for the church was crowded, and half of the people were laughing and talking. Here also the priests and bishops were arrayed in handsome gilded robes, but not so fine as in the Russian Church.

About twelve, the King and Queen and their suite drove up, and ascended a platform erected in a square immediately in front of the church. Their coming was announced by the playing of the military band, and the firing of some rockets and Bengal lights, and the going out of the Metropolitan accompanied by the bishops, priests, singers, and others, to meet the king and queen, and with them to ascend this platform. There, for ten or fifteen minutes, they chanted the *Anastasis*, a service commemorative of the resurrection of Christ, just at the close of which the Metropolitan said in a loud voice, "Christ is risen." A rocket was sent up, the king and queen lighted their candles, and at this signal each one lighted his, the church bells all rang, rockets were fired off, the whole city was illuminated with Bengal lights, and so was the Acropolis. Every one then turned to his neighbor, and said, "Christ is risen," to which they replied, "He is risen, indeed," often shaking hands and kissing. After this the royal party came in, and took their stand so near us that we had a fine opportunity of seeing all the court dresses. During the service in the house every one held a lighted candle, and as the people returned to their homes, we saw them walking in groups, still carrying their burning tapers. The rest of the night and during the day, Sunday, there was firing of cannon, guns, and torpedoes. Every one is supposed to give himself up to

mirth, and all feast, the poor saving up their scanty earnings for this occasion. Sunday morning, about eleven, they have a sumptuous meal, every one who can afford it having a roasted lamb. We saw a number being carried to the houses on long, slim poles, on which they had been roasted, as on a spit. Again on Sunday, about the middle of the day, they have a service in the churches called "The Second *Anastasis*," but from the appearance of the streets after the ringing of the bells, I should think not many attended, as the day is spent principally in feasting. What is very unusual here, the stores are all shut, the hucksters do not go through the streets, and the market is closed, this being kept up for three days.

Monday the people spend in visiting each other, still greeting with the salutation, "Christ is risen." It is said that Easter is a great time for reconciliation of old quarrels, everybody forgives then, and shakes hands.

Tuesday is still a holiday, and in the afternoon the whole population go out and visit the old ruins, the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, Mars Hill, etc.

About 3 P. M., in the fields surrounding, there is a lively spectacle. Thousands of men, women, and children in their best attire. There is music and dancing, drinking of coffee, and all seem to be happy. The dancing is the Romaic dance, peculiar to Greece, the men only engage in it, some five or six holding each other's hands, the leader doing most of the dancing, and he has a most singular and solemn air and step.

It is said that Easter is always followed by a great deal of sickness and death, in consequence of the long fasting and sudden feasting. All this, looked upon as a religious rite, seems a sort of mockery, and parts of it almost idolatry; yet this is the great religious festival of civilized Greece in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Home Department.

The Orphaned-cry of the Human Heart.

As a child misses its loving mother whose voice on earth shall never more wile away his fears and griefs, so does the soul cry out for God, though unconscious of any definite want ; of anything but a gnawing hunger and thirst which no amount of earthly good can satisfy.

Carlyle, in his intense and singular power of expression says : "The whole universe cannot fill the soul of one immortal shoe-black ;" and the home-sick moan of the wanderer from God has gone up through all ages—from all the classes of human society—whether in the voice of a slave chained to the galley, or of a sated Solomon upon his throne.

" Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created."

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Scudder was much impressed with indications that he observed among the Hindoos, of these undefined heart-yearnings after God, and gives from a Tamil book, the product of a splendid Hindu mind one hundred and fifty years ago, the following translation :

"I yearn for Him. O, ye sun and moon, tell me who set you on your unverging course of day and night ! Do ye know His glory ? O, thou blowing wind, by whose power dost thou whirl through the realms of space ? Speak thou to me of Him. O, ye clouds, which come and drop on thirsty places your genial rain, think and speak. Can ye tell me the way in which my divine Master pours down, as freely as ye do, his copious showers of grace ? O, thou incomprehensible sky, canst thou describe Him who transcends thy measureless height ? O, thou sounding sea, thou of unutterable sublimity, who stretchest forth thy wave-hands,

say who established thy vast bounds? Tell me, too, ye forest-birds with variegated wings, have ye ever gazed upon and spoken with Him who is my lover, who dwelleth everywhere? If ye have, commune with me about Him!"

After quoting this wonderful passage, Dr. Scudder adds: "Let me ask if you think it labor lost to send the Gospel of our loving Lord to a people among whom such aspirations and such expressions find place?"

E. H. S.

An "Author's Carnival."

Under this title an entertainment was given in March, in the chapel of Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. Buddington's, Brooklyn, which proved so beautiful in itself, and so productive of substantial results, that we take pleasure in mentioning it.

The various authors represented through some of their favorite characters, were Shakespeare (which department was devoted to painting and works of art), Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Whittier, Longfellow, etc. The scenes and characters chosen gave opportunity for taste, skill, and peculiar talent. The "Pioneer Band," consisting of twenty or more young girls in costume, represented "Little Women of all Nations." Their alcove was draped with appropriate flags and colors, and with rich and costly Japanese fabrics, kindly loaned by Mrs. Dr. Clark, of Albany. The parlor of the church was used as a refreshment room, under the name of Dickens's "Holly Tree Inn."

The whole entertainment was under the management of Mrs. William Howard, and Mrs. George Wilcox, the latter of whom has been long identified with the Zenana Band of the same church. The proceeds were devoted to home and foreign work, the sum of \$680 falling to the share of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, which amount was paid at our last Board meeting, through Mrs. Dr. Buddington.

The "Pioneer Band," have also forwarded \$100 through their treasurer, Miss Bessie Woolworth.

W.

We feel encouraged and strengthened by these generous gifts, and are sure that many will be glad to hear that this renewed interest and zeal may be traced in part to the Convention which was held in Brooklyn, in October. W.

We have been greatly gratified to hear that the receipts from a "Fair" held April 10th to 12th, by the "Plymouth Band" of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, netted \$760.

Another encouragement comes to us, in the announcement that the Tarrytown Band in New York, has assumed the duties of an Auxiliary.

Memorial Service in Japan.

MISS CROSBY *writes, March 22d :*

The sad news of the death of dear Mrs. Doremus reached us on a Saturday, and on the following evening our Sabbath prayer-meeting was changed to a memorial service. Dr. S. R. Brown, whose acquaintance with the beloved President of our Society was of forty years' standing, presided, and made a most beautiful and touching address. Dr. Hepburn and Dr. Maclay, who were also her old friends, and had always shared her kind hospitality in their visits home, brought forward some pleasant reminiscences.

The prayers on the occasion and the thanksgivings for such an example of faithful devotion were earnest and heartfelt, and the whole service was calculated to stimulate all who were present to renewed consecration to the Master's cause.

On one side of the room was a table covered with the most exquisite camellias, and in the centre of them stood a white cross, with a ribbon draped over it, bearing the words, "In Memoriam." It was a small tribute of love and respect to the memory of our dear President, but the effect was more beautiful than the description, and most fittingly suggestive of purity and peace.

“HELP, LORD, FOR THE GODLY CEASETH!”

THE mourning of our hearts has not ceased ; the bleeding wound, caused by the death of our loved and sainted President, has not yet been healed, when another arrow of the Destroyer has been sped on its mission of sorrow ; another of our most devoted and consecrated fellow-workers has been laid low in death.

Mrs. Eliza Walton Clark, wife of the Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., of Albany, one of the vice-presidents of the parent society, and the President of the Albany Branch, died on Monday, May 21st. When the tidings of her illness and danger came to us, we could not believe she would die. Many earnest petitions did we, and her large circle of devotedly attached friends, send up to the great King, that, if it were possible, this cup might pass from us. Yet God, in his sovereign power, denied our request, “not in anger, not in wrath,” but because it was the will of his beloved Son that she should “be with him, to behold his glory,” and share his rest.

Her illness was largely owing to her excessive labors during a precious and extensive revival season in Albany, and the death of a brother at the South, necessitating a fatiguing journey, to receive, as his dying bequest, an orphan niece. Complete nervous prostration ensued, and after two weeks of intense suffering, eight days of which she lay in almost speechless agony, but always with quiet, patient submission and unfaltering faith, she went away from these scenes of earthly sorrow and service, to join the great company of the ransomed ones, who “behold the King in His beauty,” and

“Perform with unwearied hands
Their present Saviour’s high commands.”

To those who were present at our Convention it will be unnecessary to speak of the lovely spirit of one who moved among us there, as almost ethereal in her fragile and rare beauty, or of the words which fell from lips that seemed touched with divine unction. To them the intelligence of her death will come, we are sure, as a personal grief. But there are many identified with our Society who did not have the privilege of meeting, on this side the river, our precious sister, who for years has unremittingly and faithfully labored with them to promote the interests of our Society, and extend the knowledge of Christ in the dark places of the earth.

Gifted with the rarest mental endowments, winning, gentle, sympathetic, helpful, even in her delicate and frail condition, she was a very pillar of strength in the church and the community, and even strong men leaned upon her, and sat at her feet to receive instruction. During the past winter she manifestly received a deeper baptism of the Spirit of Christ and of power, and in the ladies' Union Prayer Meeting, and the Union Bible Class, of which she was the leader, and in the inquiry room, she seemed a very angel of light.

Blessed be God for a faith that enables us to say, with the shadow of this new and great sorrow resting upon us, although it be with burning tears and half-choked utterance, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

"And though our sad hearts may not know
Why that dear head was laid so low;
 Why, when her pathway beamed in light,
 Death quenched its rays in his dark night,
 We know that 'GOD IS LOVE.'"

M. P.

Mission-Band Department.

A Sunny Home.

OUR new home for orphans in Calcutta is a beautiful dwelling place, thoroughly suited to all our purposes, away from all city sights and sounds, yet still in the city, and easy of access. The grounds are extensive, filled with exquisite flowers, a fine lawn on which the children can play, a low range of buildings, clean, light, and airy, that we have converted into class-rooms, and a pretty work-room, just large enough to hold our eight sewing machines and all our workers, for there are no drones in this hive.

The house is as still just now as if there was not a single child here, for they are all in the work-room. Presently there will be a scamper round the garden and the clatter of many tongues like many magpies racing here and there. My room overlooks the playground, and every sound seems to travel straight to me, so that I hear quite a medley sometimes. The little idiot girl, seated on a bench near my window sings, "O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;" and far away under the betel-nut palms the little ones are exercising their lungs in the plaintive refrain of a Bengali hymn: "We are sinners, we hold the Saviour's feet." I wish you could see the picture, it is so thoroughly Oriental; our new home so gay with bright flowers and evergreens, the swarthy little faces and dark eyes of the girls, the old gardener busy with his hoe, while his nephew fills the watering-pot from the tank, the lights and shades of an Indian landscape, and the dark background of high brick walls.

Our orphans breakfast very early, and have their classes from eight to twelve in the morning. Then comes a recess of an hour, and then they are busy with their sewing. Saturday is an entire holiday.

Some months ago one of our orphans was so ill that we feared each hour would be her last. But since we have moved into the new house she seems to have rallied, and always keeps an eye on the tiny ones, "our nursery children," as we call them. I let her do this, because it seems to comfort her, for she often said, "I am of no use, and while others work I must lie down and look on." We have a prayer meeting among the children every Thursday, and Bella surprised us by calling out, when very weak, "Let me pray to-day," and she did offer such a simple and beautiful petition, it drew tears from our eyes. Another orphan is naturally a quick, active girl, and her greatest delight is to "be up and doing." It used to be a real trial to her to be without work. So she asked me to give her one of the little ones here, that he might be "its mother," she said. I let her have the child, "to keep her from mischief," I told her; and the little one used to follow her about everywhere, calling her "Big sister," and crying almost to break his heart when she went to the hospital. Poor children, they make up their own relationships here; one is aunt, another teacher, sister, the head mistress always "Mamma."

When we think of the number in our Orphanage, brought from all sorts of places, rescued from death, sorrow, and shame, our hearts swell up with gratitude to Him who bound up their wounds, and gave them to us, saying, "Receive them for My sake. Verily I say unto you who-soever receiveth one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

The children have their rag babies, over which you would laugh could you see those some of them make.

I came across one the other day whose hair was made of green wool! But her little mother, sitting under the shade of an orange tree, with this infant prodigy in her arms, thought (as all mothers do) that her baby was the finest in the world; and, of course, I did not hurt her feelings by saying one word to the contrary. Sometimes I carefully stow away odd bits of lace, silk ribbon, etc., and when there is a pretty good supply, I suddenly rain them down from my window just over the children's heads. You should see the rush, and hear the screams of delight.

It is very sweet to think of the connecting links that bind America and India together. American children, working and planning for the little daughters of India, whenever you sing that sweet hymn, "Lift your heads, ye golden gates, let the little travelers in," think of us; that hymn seems to be especially ours. Our girls sometimes pray, "Lord bless our American mothers and sisters!"

MRS. PAGE.

The Doll's Marriage.

In our school at Allahabad, in the middle of the day the children have half-an-hour's recess, when they eat their luncheon and play out of doors. I generally sit in the school-room and encourage the children to come and speak to me. One day a little girl brought me her lunch in her hand, and, holding it out towards me, said, "Mem Sahib, we invite you to-day to a feast; our dolls are to be married." I asked to see the interesting dolls, and another child, who owned them, proudly took down a bundle and opened it at my feet. First there was quite a respectable rag dolly with bead ear-rings, bracelets on her arms and rings on her toes. Then came a number of tiny little mud dolls, painted yellow and green, and wrapped up in bright-colored rags. Now most of these children have had dolls

in the school at Christmas. I asked why they did not play with them instead of the queer little things they were displaying. "Oh," they said, "we never play with those; we have put them away." I hope some day they will give up their hideous mud dolls for those they have received from us.

H. CADDY.

Children's Games.

There is a kite season here in Japan lasting for several weeks, during which time kites of all sizes and descriptions are seen flying in the air from morning until night. Some of the kites represent the most hideous figures, some have the form of a bird, and others are so arranged that while in the air, they make soft, sweet music like that of an Æolian harp. Some are very large, being cubical in form, measuring from fifteen to twenty feet on each side. During this season one is constantly walking over kite strings in passing along the narrow streets, or in danger of having some unlucky aspirant lodge just in front of one, impeding one's progress, or ruining the kite should one chance to tread upon it. It has been the custom from time immemorial for the people, young and old, to engage in this amusement at this season. They often go out in large groups to some hill or plain, and find delightful sport in trying to entangle and bring down each other's kites, the person thus catching a kite with his own claiming the ownership of it thereafter.

The Japanese are very fond of games of all kinds, and play many that are quite similar to some of our own. For instance, one resembles chequers, another chess, and foot-ball is very common. Battledoor and shuttlecock, one of the national games, is much played by the women. The little lawn between the school-house and main building of the "Home" presents a very gay appearance each

day now at the close of study hour, as the larger girls all come out for their favorite games, their light graceful costumes being very favorable to this healthful exercise.

Younger children play at ball, in the months of December and January. The balls are made of colored thread wound so as to form pretty figures on their surface, and the children exhibit wonderful taste and ingenuity in making them. A little girl gave me one of her own manufacture, which I should be unable to imitate. But their method of managing the balls in the air is more wonderful still. The youngest children exhibit the most marvelous skill in bounding and catching the ball, singing a little song, meantime twirling themselves gracefully around while the ball is in the air, coming back to position in time to strike it again to the ground with the palm of the hand. A child will often make scores of these strokes without losing one. Sometimes they will keep two or three balls tossing in the air at the same time, using but one hand for catching, singing their little song, and never making an awkward movement.

On the third day of the third month (now March, under their new calendar), a girl's feast is observed, or "offering to idols." Images of all kinds are manufactured for the occasion and sold in the shops, which, under the "foreign dispensation," are called dolls. On the day of the feast, every house that has a girl in it, is supplied with a quantity of these images, which are dressed in the prettiest style to be afforded, and arranged on shelves prepared for the occasion. On the upper one, a man and woman are placed, representing the Mikado and the Empress, with lighted candles and cherry trees on either side. On the second shelf five men are placed. On the third, sets of miniature household furniture. On the fourth and fifth, images of children with musical instruments in their hands. On the different steps are little dishes contain-

ing offerings of rice, soup, cakes, and popcorn, the latter colored red.

The feast continues for three days, and the offerings are changed each day, the girls eating the rice and cake when they have served their purpose as offerings. The children of Japan are the happiest I have ever seen. The majority of them seldom cry, and it takes little to make them happy. Many of my little friends in America could learn lessons of cheerfulness and patience from these little ones. I wonder many times that they do not cry oftener, for many of them are very poor, have little to eat, and go about all winter in thin garments, with no covering for their feet.

S. B. MCNEAL.

Letter from MARY E. ADAMS.

(Supported in Calcutta by "Mission Gleaners" of Syracuse, N. Y.)

Dear Mamma:—I am very well in this place, and I thank you because you are supporting me from the distant country. Although you are distant, yet I remember you in my heart. We have a new Superintendent, who is very kind to us. Her name is Mrs. Page, and she always teaches us about God and the Bible. She likes little children very much, and I love her and always call her mamma. I am fatherless and motherless, so God favored you to support me. When I feel very sorry, then Jesus comforts me, and I always like to read the fourteenth chapter of John.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. James L. Day, by Mrs. H. V. Williams, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. John Aikman, by "Zenana Band" of Clinton St. Presb. Ch., Brooklyn.

By Kentucky Branch.

Mrs. Maggie Campbell, by "Rear Gatherers," and "Try Bands," Springfield, Ky.

Rev. L. M. Campbell, by "Bright Hope" Band, Springfield, Ky.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from
April 1st to May 20th, 1877.

Branch Societies & Mission Bands.

VERMONT.

St. Albans, Mrs. J. Gregory Smith, sub-
scription..... \$15 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. H. John-
son, Treas. (see items below).... 1,225 00
Mrs. H. B. Hooker, annual subscrip-
tion, per Miss L. G. Brown..... 5 00

\$1,230 00

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven, Miss Abbie Lyman, col-
lector: Mrs. T. D. Wheeler, 10;
Miss Elizabeth Davenport, 5.55;
Mrs. Tredwell Ketcham, 5.50;
Mrs. Charles Robinson, 10; Mrs.
Apthorp, 5; Miss Louisa Apthorp,
5; Mrs. Mary Nicholson, 5; Mrs.
Henry Ives, 1; Mrs. Samuel A.
Stevens, 1; Mrs. Hannah Starr, 5;
Mrs. Esther S. Baldwin, 2; Miss
M. Eliza Baldwin, 3; Mrs. Irene
Larned, 5; Mrs. Wooster Hotch-
kiss, 2; Mrs. Dr. Bronson, 5; Mrs.
Frederick Ives, 2; Miss Theo. M.
Wheeler, 5; Mrs. J. L. Ensign,
1; Mrs. John M. Fitch, 2; Mrs. H.
N. Lyman, 1; Miss Jennie E.
Lyman, 1; Miss Josie M. Lyman,
1; The Misses Foster, 2; Mrs. M.
A. Beers, 1; Miss M. A. Marshall,
2; Miss Abbie Lyman, 20; Mrs.
L. M. Hall, 4.....\$112 05

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. Fred.
Townsend, Treas. Miss M. L.
Egberts, for "Egbert's Band,"
through Mrs. Dr. Clark, 20; "Tem-
ple Grove Seminary Band," by
Miss Helen W. North, Sec.,
through Mrs. Dr. Clark, 13.34..... 33 34
Brooklyn, "Union Missionary Sewing
Soc." of Clinton Ave. Ch., Miss
Spelman, Sec., for support of mis-
sionary in Calcutta, 600. To com-
plete sum pledged in 1876, 80, per
Mrs. Dr. Budington..... 680 00
"Pioneer Band" of Clinton Ave.
Cong. Church, Miss Bessie Wool-
worth, Treas..... 100 00
Mrs. Eli Merrell, annual subscrip-
tion..... 50 00
"Karen Band" of Washington Ave.
Baptist Church, Mrs. S. J. Bedford,
Treas., for child in Burmah..... 50 00
"Light Bearers," of Church of the

Pilgrims, Mrs. Charles A. Sterling,
Treas..... 121 00
"Zenana Band," of Clinton St. Presb.
Ch., Miss E. E. Burke, Treas., for
"Kali," in Calcutta, 50; for
"Hisa" and "Mika" in Japan,
120. All for Life Membership of
Mrs. JOHN AIKMAN..... 170 00
Flatbush, "Strong Memorial Band,"
Mrs. C. L. Wells, Treas., of which
to constitute Mrs MARGARET H.
BERGEN L. M., 50, Mrs. Bergen
and Miss C. S. Vanderbilt, collec-
tors: Mrs. Henry Lyles, Jr., 10;
Mrs. John A. Lott, 5; Mrs. C. L.
Wells, 5; Mrs. Abraham Lott, 5;
Mrs. W. H. Story, 5; Mrs. M. H.
Bergen, 5; Miss Jane Antonides, 5;
Miss Eliza Z. Lott, 5; Miss Lillie
L. Lott, 5; Miss S. Ella Schoon-
maker, 5; Mrs. Prince, 5; Mrs. A.
L. Zabriskie, 5; Mrs. J. V. B. Mar-
tense, 4; Mrs. G. L. Vanderbilt, 3;
Mrs. Spofford, 3; Mrs. Ferris, 3;
Mrs. Dr. Zabriskie, 3; Mrs. J. Z.
Lott, 3; Mrs. John H. Ditmas, 3;
Mrs. John Antonides, 3; Miss
Phebe Ditmas, 3; Miss Annie V.
Lott, 3; Miss Gertrude Lefferts,
2.50; Miss Annie Lefferts, 2.50;
Mrs. Wilbur, 2.50; Mrs. A. I. Dit-
mas, 2; Mrs. J. A. Martense, 2;
Mrs. W. H. Allgeo, 2; Mrs. Win-
ship, 2; Mrs. William Williamson,
2; Mrs. Cornelius Suydam, 2;
Mrs. Hess, 2; Mrs. W. C. Long-
mire, 2; Mrs. M. Story, 2; Mrs.
Brown, 2; Miss Louise G. Za-
briskie, 2; Miss C. S. Vanderbilt,
3; Miss McLeod, 2; Mrs. William
Schoonmaker, 1.50; Misses Dur-
yee, 1; Mrs. John Ditmas, 1; Mrs.
J. P. Vanderveer, 1; Mrs. Adrian
Vanderveer, 1; Mrs. Stephen H.
Williamson, 1; Mrs. Henry Stryker,
1; Mrs. Peter I. Neefus, 1; Miss
G. V. Schoonmaker, 1; Mrs. Peter
Selover, 1; Mrs. W. K. William-
son, 1; Mrs. Stillwell, 1; Mrs. Wil-
liam Allgeo, 1; Mrs. J. Lott Van-
derbilt, 1; Mrs. Rhodes, 1; Mrs.
Catharine Wyckoff, 50c; Mr. E.
L. Garvin (donation), 2; Mrs. Hop-
kins, 2; Mrs. John Vanderveer,
Sr., 1..... 151 50
Flushing, Ladies of Reformed Church,
per Rev. O. O. Cobb..... 20 00
Glenville, "Hope Band," per Miss
Julia Harmon..... 19 00
Ithaca, Ladies of Ithaca, per Miss Jane
L. Hardy, for Miss Ward's salary:
Mrs. Bruyn, 5; Congregational
Church, per Mrs. E. J. Morgan,
52; per Miss C. Whiton, 20; from
Mrs. J. H. Selking, of Episcopal
Ch., 5..... 82 00

New York, Foreign Com. of Prot. Episcopal Ch., Mr. Samuel D. Davidson, Asst. Treas., to refund Miss Maltby's outfit and passage to Japan..... 718 33
 Miss L. G. Brown, subn..... 5 00
 Miss J. Abeel, collection, 35; from "Frankie," for some little heathen, 1..... 36 00
 Miss J. Penfold..... 10 00
 Mr. Stewart Brown..... 50 00
 Mrs. Jacob Le Roy..... 20 00
 Mrs. E. C. Barbour, collector: from Miss Cronin, 3; Miss M. A. Cronin, 3..... 6 00
 Mrs. William Spencer, per Mrs. Jacob Le Roy..... 200 00
 "A Friend," for "Nina," in Calcutta..... 50 00
 Mrs. William P. Powers, subn..... 200 00
 "The Children's Sunday Offerings," for work in Burmah..... 10 00
 Mrs. Horace S. Ely, per Mrs. Z. S. Ely..... 3 00
 Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, annual subn., 10; "Olivet Helping Hand," 6..... 16 00
 "Manor Mission," Mr. R. D. Barkley, Treas., for "Laura Graham."..... 40 00
 Miss Beggs, for sale of feathers..... 3 00
 Plattsburgh, "Brittan Band," Mrs. Westcott, collector: from Mrs. Diehl, 1; Mrs. J. H. Myers, 1; Mrs. Dr. Nichols, 1; Mrs. John Nichols, 1; Mrs. Atkinson, 50c.; Mrs. Ellenwood, 50c.; Mrs. Parmenter, 25c.; Mrs. Martin, 25c.; Mrs. Norton's class, 1; Miss Augustine's class, 90c.; Miss Crawford's class, 25c.; Miss Graves, 10c.; Miss Parker, 25c.; Miss Florence Ellerton, 1; Miss Minnie Hall, 25c.; a friend, 10; Nellie Annis, 25c.; Emma Washer Slater, 25c.; Jennie Heath, 25c.; Bertie Heath, 25c.; Miss Crawford, 50c.; Miss Louisa Wilson, 25c.; Mrs. Brewster, 25c.; Georgie Kavanah, 25c.; Agnes Thomas, 25c.; Maggie Thomas, 25c.; Frankie Thomas, 25c.; Fannie Chapel, 25c.; Emma Chapel, 25c.; A. B. C., 10; X. Y. Z., 10; gift, 1.85..... 44 60
 Port Henry, "Willing Workers," per Mrs. Fred. W. Judd, for "Nettie W. Judd," Japan..... 18 00
 Syracuse, Mrs. R. Townsend, for Bible Reader "In Memoriam," in Shanghai, from Mrs. Frederick Townsend, 20; Mrs. M. Benham, 5; Mrs. Throop Martin, 5; Mrs. Franklin Townsend, 5; Mrs. Howard Townsend, 5; Mrs. John B. Burnet, 5; Mrs. Robert Townsend, 15; Mr. H. H. Martin, 5..... 65 00
 "Clifton Springs Band," for "Fannie," in Japan: Mrs. Henry Foster, 5; Mrs. O. Sullivan, 5; Mrs. Shafter, 5; Miss Gleegen, 3; Miss Truslow, 3; Miss Dunbar, 3; Miss Scovill, 3; The Misses Clark, 5; A friend, 75c..... 32 75

* Mrs. Townsend's friends, also for "Fannie," in Japan..... 23 00
 Tarrytown, Tarrytown Auxiliary, Miss L. Arcularius, Sec..... 2 40
 Whitesboro "Gardner Band," 20; Whitesboro Presb. S. School, 10, per Miss H. A. Frost..... 30 00
 \$3,059 92
 * Added for "Ume," Mrs. Blye's name.

NEW JERSEY.

Bridgeton, Miss Julia F. Nichols, 10; Miss Hamilton, Havre, France, 2; Infant class of St. Andrews S. School, 3..... 15 00
 Elizabeth, Elizabeth Aux., Mrs. E. K. Pardee, Treasurer, for girl in Athens..... 100 00
 Mother's Meeting, South St. Mission Room, per Mrs. J. L. Roberts, for Miss Brittan's work..... 3 00
 Morristown, legacy from Mr. Rufus R. Graves..... 10,000 00
 New Brunswick, New Brunswick Aux., Miss M. A. Campbell, Treas..... 23 30
 Orange, Mrs. Edward Austen, for "Caroline Dupuy," Calcutta, for 1876..... 60 00
 \$10,201 30

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Philadelphia Branch, Mrs. Chas. B. Keen, Treas.: For salary and expenses of Miss Jones, gold..... 392 00
 For "Shorelatta," gold..... 72 00
 Premium on both..... 32 48
 \$496 48

DELAWARE.

Christiana Hundred, Christ Church, per Rev. D. D. Smith..... \$60 00

OHIO.

Black Creek, "Persevering Band," per Miss Floretta Shields, for India; Mrs. Lorette McDowell, Pres., 1; Mrs. Purdy, 88c.; Mrs. Mary Dickson, 1; Mrs. Mary I. White, 1; Miss Floretta Shields, 9.62; "Link," 60c..... 14 10
 Cincinnati, Cincinnati Branch, Mrs. W. H. Neff, Sec., from Mrs. Mary Wood, 2; Mrs. Dr. Carpenter, 3; Mrs. Wm. Worthington, 1; a friend, 1; Mrs. Dr. John A. Murphy, 5; Mrs. E. S. Wayne, 5..... 17 00
 Springfield, Missionary Society of Methodist Church, Rev. Thomas J. Finch, Treas., for children in Japan..... 46 00
 \$77 10

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. O. F. Avery, Treas. (See items below).. 148 81

Galesburg, "Prairie Gleaners," Miss Emma Everest, Treas., for school in Shanghai, 49.47; for Miss Ward's work, 31.13..... 80 60

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Branch, Mrs. S. J. Look, Treas. (See items below). \$305 30

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. Louis Aux., Mrs. T. W. Barber, for "Shoshie"..... \$20 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR "MISSIONARY LINK."

Miss Hardy, 7.20; Miss M. M. Welch, 6; Mrs. Z. S. Ely, 7.63; Mrs. C. L. Wells, 9; Miss Suffern, 2.40; Mrs. E. K. Pardee, 10; Mrs. F. W. Judd, 5; smaller subscriptions, 25.40..... \$72 63

Total from April 1st to May 20th, 1877.....\$15,879 19

Mrs. J. E. JOHNSON,
Asst. Treas.

RECEIPTS of the Boston Branch.

From Trinity Church, for the support of Mrs. Page at Calcutta: Mrs. N. Thayer, 50; Mrs. M. Brimmer, 50; Mrs. R. T. Paine, 20; Mrs. Fox, 20; Misses Morrell, 20; Mrs. E. D. Peters, 20; Mrs. John Burnham, 10; Mrs. G. J. Fiske, 10; Anonymous, 10; Miss Phillips, 10; Mrs. A. Strong, 10; Mrs. Burr Porter, 10; Mrs. Hales Suter, 5; Miss Cunningham, 5; Mrs. G. W. Hammond, 5; Mrs. H. Derby, 5; Mrs. E. B. Bryant, 5; Miss Phillips, 5; Miss Crocker, 5; Mrs. Eliot, 5; Miss Torrey, 5; Miss Dehon, 5; Mrs. S. N. Brown, Jr., 5; Mrs. Fogg, 2; Mrs. Drummond, 1; Miss L. W. Winslow, 2; Mrs. Blair, 1; a friend, 1; Mrs. R. S. Fay, 1; Mrs. Butler, 2; Mrs. Wm. Parker, 2; Mrs. J. H. Wilcox, 2; Miss Mann, 1; Mrs. Lovett, 1; Mrs. I. T. Hague, 2; Mrs. R. C. Winthrop, 50; Miss Lowell, 20; Mrs. R. M. Cushing, 20; Mrs. James Fiske, 20; Mrs. G. H. Shaw, 20; Mrs. C. W. Dexter, 20; Mrs. Alexander Cochrane, 10; Mrs. S. D. Warren, 10; Mrs. W. G. Brooks, 10; Mrs. Ward, 10; Mrs. Crehore, 10; Mrs. C. W. Galloupe, 10; Mrs. Bingham, 5; Mrs. J. H. Dane, 5; Miss Cotting, 5; Miss Burnham, 5; Mrs. C. J. Whitmore, 5; Miss Harriette Dehon, 5; Mrs. Richard Sullivan, 5; Mrs. Nash, 5; Mrs. D. H. Hayden, 5; Miss Rodman, 5; Miss Wood, 5; Mrs. Slafter, 2; Miss M. E. Winslow, 2; a friend, 2; Mrs. Charles Parker, 2; Miss Reynolds, 3; Mrs. Geo. Winslow, 3; Miss Richardson, 2; Mrs. W. H. Tabot, 3; Mrs. J. G. Clapp, 1; Mrs. Hudson, 1; Miss Kitty Porter, 1.....\$600 00

Mrs. S. J. M. Homer..... 25 00

Donation for the Sanitarium... 100 00

Dorchester and Roxbury Aux., for "Link"..... 3 00

Mrs. H. Hitchcock, for "Link"..... 1 00

From Brookline, through Miss Louise Bruce..... 5 00

Emmanuel Church, through Mrs. D. R. Whitney: for Miss Anthony, Mrs. C. O. Whitmore, 50; Mrs. D. R. Whitney, 50; Mrs. J. M. Beebe, 50; Mrs. J. W. Clark, 10; Miss Hooper, 5; Mrs. Ely, 5; Mrs. S. T. Dana, 5; Mrs. H. A. Rice, 5; Mrs. A. G. Weeks, 5; Mrs. E. A. Dana, 5; Mrs. Jonathan French, 10; Mrs. S. G. Snelling, 5; Mrs. J. Hogg, 5; Mrs. Amory A. Lawrence, 5; Mrs. B. T. Reed, 5; Mrs. Daniel Denny, 5; Mrs. K. W. Sears, 5; Mrs. G. P. Upham, 5; Mrs. A. T. Perkins, 5; Mrs. C. F. Perry, 3; Mrs. J. C. Sharp, 2; Mrs. G. N. Black, 5; Mrs. Curtis, 1; Mrs. Horace Gray, 5; Mrs. E. R. Mudge, 5; Mrs. G. P. Denny, 5; Mrs. S. H. Walley, 5; Mrs. Dobson, 3; Mrs. Dillon, 1; Mrs. Sears, 2; Mrs. E. Lincoln, 1; M. G. M., 30; Mrs. S. L. Abbot, 2; Mrs. C. Whitney, 5; Mrs. H. Upham, 2; Mrs. N. Anthony, 2; Mrs. B. S. Pray, 5; Mrs. Barnard, 2; Mrs. Hall, 2; Mrs. J. D. Bryant, 5; Mrs. L. B. Schwartz, 2; Mrs. C. L. Andrews, 5; Mrs. G. N. Dana, 5; Mrs. Whitman, 2; Mrs. C. Van Brunt, 2; Miss Dunn, 1..... 350 00

Mrs. George Dexter..... 5 00

Mrs. Edward Crosby..... 5 00

Donations and collections in St. Paul's Church: Mrs. Geo. Howe, 20; Mrs. K. Gibson, 2; Mrs. B. Welles, 10; Mrs. J. Sullivan Warren, 10; Mrs. Geo. Howe, 5; Mrs. Edward Codman, 5; Miss H. T. Browne, 5; Mrs. J. H. Bradley, 5; Mrs. Arthur Cheney, 5; Mrs. Thos. Mack, 5; Miss A. C. Everett, 5; Mrs. Edwin H. Sampson, 5; Mrs. Geo. H. Appleton, 5; Miss M. B. Haskell, 5; Mrs. J. Winthrop Taylor, 3; Miss Taylor, 3; Mrs. Geo. W. Gordon, 3; Miss Helen Gordon, 3; Miss Bessie Tappan, 3; Mrs. Peter Harvey, 3; Mrs. T. K. Cummins, 3; Mrs. Butts, 3; Mrs. M.

Field Fowler, 2; Mrs. M. Carter, 2;
Miss E. B. Barrett, 2; Miss M. R.
Welles, 2; Mrs. A. M. Kelb, 2;
Miss S. M. Perkins, 2; Mrs. Calvin
Page, 1; Mrs. M. F. Fowler, 50c.;
Mrs. H. M. Williams, 50c.; Miss M.

R. Welles, 50c.; Miss S. D. Barrett,
50c..... 131 00
\$1,225 00
MARIA N. JOHNSON,
Treasurer.

* RECEIPTS of Philadelphia Branch from April 1st to June 1st, 1877.

From 2d Reformed Epis. Church,
through Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs.
Stotesbury, collectors: Sunday
School collection for Miss Brittan,
25; Mrs. Howell, Camden, N. J.,
5; Mrs. Wm. A. Stephens, 5; Miss
C. M. Seegar, 1; a friend, 5; Mrs.
J. Lewis Croyer, 20..... \$61 00
Miss S. J. Deal, for one copy Mrs.
Pruyn's book..... 1 00
Lambertville Auxiliary, per Miss M.
J. Thornton Treas., for child in Yo-
kohama; for support of Emma
Wetherell; for Bible Reader in
Shanghae; the remainder to be
used as the Society deem best.... 200 00
Bands of 10th Pres. Church S. School,
Harriet Holland Band, Miss M. J.
Boardman, Treas..... 42 00
"H. A. Boardman Band," Miss M.

Burt, Treas..... 35 50
"Shippen Band," Miss S. W. Du Bois,
Treas..... 31 50
Band of Faith and Hope, Miss N. S.
Mitchell, Treas..... 18 00
Through Mrs. J. F. Page: Mrs. Wash-
ington Butcher..... 5 00
Through M. A. Longstreth, for Zena-
na work: Alice Ashurst, 10; Helen
T. Cope, 5; Mrs. B. F. Godfrey, 2;
"Link," 50c.; Sally Wheeler,
"Link," 50c.; Alice M. Wheeler,
"Link," 50c.; Marian P. Gibbons,
"Link," 50c.; Sallie Benners,
"Link," 50c.; Pupils, for "Links,"
1.50..... 21 00
\$415 00
Mrs. C. B. KEEN,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of Chicago Branch.

October, 1876.
Mrs. M. G. Reynolds..... \$20 00
Miss B. Avery, Groton, Conn..... 1 00
January, 1877.
Mrs. E. Hunt, donation and "Link" 3 50
Mrs. John Forsyth..... 5 00
Mrs. M. J. Willing..... 6 00
Mrs. Giles, for "Link"..... 1 00
Sale of Reports..... 1 00
Mrs. P. A. Avery, annual donation.. 50 00
Mrs. V. R. Turner, "Link"..... 65
Mrs. Dr. J. Brooks, "Link"..... 60
Mrs. B. F. Blackstone, "Link"..... 60
\$89 35
Paid expressage on Reports..... 75
Total (amount previously acknowl-
edged)..... \$88 60
May, 1877.
Mrs. Phoebe L. Smith, Walton, N.Y. 25 00
Collection in Prof. Swing's Church.. 70 36

W. F. M. S., of Immanuel Church,
Milwaukie, Wis., for Japan.... 10 00
Mr. A. Munger, for his mother.... 5 00
Mrs. Dr. Isham..... 5 00
Mrs. General Stager, for Bible Read-
er in Calcutta..... 20 00
Sale of Photographs..... 2 50
Mrs. Swan..... 1 00
Mrs. Walker, with "Link,"..... 1 60
Mrs. M. M. Farwell, with "Link,".. 2 00
Anonymous..... 75
Mrs. M. A. Post, "Link,"..... 75
Sale of Annual Reports..... 60
For "Links:" Miss Renand, 60c.;
Miss Elmendorf, 1; Mrs. Cooley,
1; Miss Dryer, 60c.; Mrs. Smith,
60c.; Mrs. Harris, 60c.; Mrs. By-
ington, 60c.; Mrs. Isham, 60c.... 5 60
150 16
Paid expressage on Reports and "Me-
morial Service"..... 1 35
\$148 81
Mrs. O. F. AVERY,
Treasurer.

* CORRECTION.—The sum of \$100, credited on page 99 of "Proceedings of Convention," to Miss S. J. Farley, should be acknowledged as from "A. P. C.," of Westchester Aux.

RECEIPTS of the Kentucky Branch.

"Pearl Gatherers," and "Try" Bands, for "Maggie Saunders," Kolapoor, India, and to constitute Mrs. MAG- GIE CAMPBELL, L. M. Springfield, Ky.	\$5,000	Pattie Quigley.....	17 00
"Hopeful Gleaners," for "May McElroy," Kolapoor, per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield... ..	50 00	"Emily Ringgold" Memorial Band, per Mrs. J. H. Rhorer, Pewee, for Mrs. Pierson's salary, and to con- stitute Prof. CHARLES W. SHIELDS, D. D., Princeton, N. J., L. M.	25 50
"Bright Hope" and "Ray of Prom- ise" Bands, for "Susan McElroy," Japan, per Mrs. H. M. Browne, Springfield, of which \$50 from "Bright Hope" Band to constitute Rev. L. M. CAMPBELL, L. M.	100 00	"General Carey Fry Mem'l Band," per Mrs. Robert Montgomery.....	20 00
A last gift from Mrs. Sarah Needham, for Mrs. Pierson's salary.....	5 00	Two annual payments from "Perry- ville Band," per Mrs. J. M. Craw- ford.....	5 00
"Bishop Whittle" Band, per Miss Sallie Booth.....	9 00	"Links".....	1 15
Alice Lafon Mem'l," per Miss Mary Lafon, Jessamine Co., for Widow's Home.....	20 00	3 vols. of "Kardoo," sold.....	2 75
Kentucky College Band, per Miss		Pictures and Postage.....	1 10
			<hr/>
		Deduct Expressage on "Grandmama's Letters," and one book on hand... ..	\$306 50 1 20
			<hr/>
		Mrs. S. J. LOOK,	\$305 30
		Treasurer.	

WE regret that the following resolutions were sent to us after the July "Link" was prepared for the press. We therefore ask the indulgence of our kind friends in Millstone, N. J. for printing them in the only vacant page of this number.

At a special meeting of the Millstone (N. J.) Auxillary of the W. U. M. S., held May 12th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the God of Missions to call to her rest our honored Treasurer and friend, Mrs. E. C. Wilson, thereby filling full our cup of sorrow, yet, leaning on the arm of the Beloved, we would say, "Even so Father, she sleeps in Jesus."

Resolved, As a society we thank God we have been permitted to enjoy the valued co-operation, wisdom, judgment, and earnest prayers of one who has brought to our aid the rich experience of a devoted Christian life.

Resolved, That we feel ours to be an irreparable loss, that in vain we will look for those tender eyes from which ever beamed love, that sweet voice which brought comfort to the sorrowing, gentle rebuke to the erring, a loving response to the right, and to all, an invitation to "Come to Jesus."

Resolved, That in our deep affliction we remember those who mourn the loss of wife and mother, and commend them to the kind care of her God and Saviour.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, the county papers, and *Missionary Link*.

M. G. SUTPHEN, *Secretary*.

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